LITERARY NUMBER.

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO. IV.

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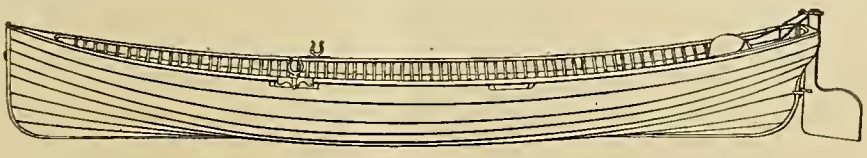

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EDITORIALS.

How swiftly old Time is hurrying on! The perfect September days of genial sunshine and bright skies have passed away all too soon, and now Nature is decking herself in the gold and crimson robes of October. To the ever-busy Wellesley student the weeks that have passed have been full of achievement. The Senior has become accustomed to the new dignity and honor of her position. The Junior is realizing most vividly that she is an important factor in the College world once more. The Sophomore has played the hostess very gracefully to her younger sister, and the Freshman is at last thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of Wellesley life. Three times already the Prelude has made its modest entrance within the College walls, and now for the fourth time it stands before you in all the pride and glory of its first literary issue. It is but a beginning now, a prelude merely to some glorious achievement that future years of prosperity may bring to the College. But, such as it is, it craves your indulgence, and it hopes for your appreciation and approval. Long life, then, to our Prelude. May a happy course of prosperity be hers, and may much success attend her first Literary Issue.

Those students who heard Mrs. North speak on Monday evening must have been deeply impressed by the wonderful life and character which she revealed to them. It is difficult for the students of today to realize fully the close relation which Mr. Durant, the founder of our College, bore to the students who came under his direct, personal influence. He was not merely their friend and adviser, but a companion in all their joys, and a sharer in all their doubts and sorrows. The noblest influences in the world are not those of books but those of a pure, true, inspiring life, such a life as was led by the founder of our College. It has been many years since his noble presence has been seen in the halls of our "College Beautiful," and none of the students of today have ever listened to his inspiring words. Yet his influence is potent in the heart of every Wellesley girl. She feels that she knows him in his ideals and in his purposes, and she thanks God that his influence still extends over the College, a source of inspiration and life.

LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS.

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

It is fitting in our study of some of the great heart-unions of literature, to take as our text these words of the poet-friend. Many centuries have passed since Mount Gilboa was stained with the precious blood of Israel, and David mourned for his "brother Jonathan," yet the story is not forgotten, and David's words have been echoed through all the ages by noble, loving hearts.

It is natural to expect many records of friendship among the poets and philosophers, for friendship is the blessing of noble and sensitive souls. It may, however, surprise us to find how many friendships are written on the pages of our literature.

Turning first to Greece we find there many instances of friendship in its highest form, both in the literature and in life. We are attracted by a strange pair of friends, one, a man who has left behind him the prime of life, who offends the Greek idea of beauty in every line, who is poor, unpopular, eccentric, who, nevertheless, treads nobly the path of duty, and whose soul is illumined by a light coming from a far country, the light of the Divine. The other is young, noble, beautiful as a god, impetuous, enthusiastic, pleasure-loving. The one is Socrates, the other Alcibiades. It is a sad friendship in its outcoming — "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

We pass to a nobler friendship, which has blessed the world in such a measure as is granted to few friendships. I speak of the love of Socrates and Plato. It was the loving hand of the pupil and friend that preserved for us the words of the great master. Plato seemed especially open to friendship. He seemed to know it and its meaning more fully than his master. His was a being that hungered to go out to some other, a heart tender and warm, a soul seeing through flesh to the spiritual possibilities. Socrates was self sufficient, grand in his devotion to stern duty, bent rather on conquering the flesh than on lifting it up. Plato, in later life, had two other friends, Dion, the tyrant of Syracuse, whom he reproved, advised, and loved, and Aster, the astronomer. Of this latter friendship, we know but little. It was cut short by the death of Aster. Plato has given us the record in two brief stanzas:

THE SONG OF LIFE.

"Thou gazest on the stars, my love. Oh, gladly would I be,
Yon starry skies with thousand eyes, that I might gaze on thee."

THE SONG OF DEATH.

"Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy bright light had fled,
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendor to the dead."

Of the Roman friendships we will note only that of Horace and Maecenas. What a flow of souls and good cheer their names call to mind! The morning talks, the evening banquets, the happy life at the little farm among the Sabine hills have come down to us aglow with the love and personality of the happy-hearted poet, and the noble statesman, his friend.

The literature of England is rich in the history of many charming friendships. If ever man was born to have friends, Sir Philip Sidney seems to have been such an one. A wild burst of sorrow went up from all England at his death, and he still holds a place in the hearts of all book-lovers. His life-long friend and comrade, Fulke Greville, has told us much that we know about him, besides doing much to put his writings before the public. This was Greville's work for his friend. A further tribute we gain in his lament at Sidney's death. He speaks of Sidney as a "spotless friend, a matchless man," his "life's content," and thus bewails his loss:

"Knowledge his light hath lost. Valour hath slain his knight.
Sidney is dead; dead is my friend, dead is the world's delight."

The most interesting friendship of Sidney's life, however, was that with Languet. The friends met in Frankfort, at the house of Wichel, the painter, shortly after both had escaped the horrors of St. Bartholomew's Day. Languet was a man of fifty-four, learned in books and life; Sidney was a youth of nineteen, eager for knowledge and beauty, and for all that makes life worth living. The friendship that grew up between these two was very tender, wonderfully pure and never failing. Their correspondence forms a book full of interest. Languet's letters have a stateliness about them which emphasizes the many touches of tenderness that will creep into the sage advice which he sends his young friend. Sidney is more impetuous, and writes to his "very dear Herbert" letters alive with himself and his doings. In the "Arcadia" Sidney pays a touching tribute to his friend, and gives this record of their friendship:

"The song I sang, old Languet had me taught,
Languet, the shepherd best swift Ister knew;
For darkly read, and hating what is naught,
For faithful heart, clean hands and mouth as true,
With his sweet skill my sailless youth he drew
To have a feeling taste of Him that sits
Beyond the heaven, far more beyond our wits."

The next group of friends which calls our attention is that that gathered around the "Wasp of Twickenham," who, whatever he might do to others, never stung a chosen few. In this group, gathered around Pope, we see the great, fierce, gloomy Dean Swift, whose cruel laugh never sounded here, and whose mad thoughts here grew milder. Contrasting strongly with Swift is Arbuthnot, the good doctor, whom Pope, calling him "friend to my life," prays Heaven to preserve "social, cheerful and serene." There is another contrast when we turn to Bolingbroke, a man of great brilliancy intermingled with sharp bitterness, a man swift, satirical and handsome. Last and least in this little company of men is Gay,

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

Pope, as I have said, was the centre of this group. All admired, honored and loved him. Bolingbroke said over Pope's deathbed: "I never knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind. I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more on his friendship than ——" His voice failed and the sentence has remained unfinished, but Lord Bolingbroke's silence speaks louder than his words.

There is another figure standing out in our literature in the days of Queen Anne, Addison, that calm, perfect gentleman, first master of English prose. And who thinks of Addison and does not think of Steele? "Poor Dick Steele," we say, and then smile. We cannot look mournful over him any more than he could be long mournful over himself. He must have been a sore trial to his calm friend, Mr. Addison. It is an odd pair; Addison, correct, stately and upright; Steele, rash and impetuous, always sinning and repenting, and dodging the bailiffs. Yet they loved each other, and, although a coldness came between them, we cannot but believe they were friends still. "The Spectator" is what the world owes to this friendship.

There was another man who loved Addison even more, and that was Thomas Tickell, who counted it his "highest honor to have been a friend of Mr. Addison." His eulogy for his friend is full of the most tender and deep feeling:

"When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart.
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

Wordsworth and Coleridge stand foremost in the ranks of the nineteenth century poets.

Of the noble friendship between these two men we get many hints in "The Prelude," and in some of Coleridge's short poems. It is a pastoral picture which Wordsworth gives us of their rambling together, comparing tastes and opinions, chanting "with happy heart" the vision of that Ancient Man, the bright eyed Mariner.

But, however beautiful Coleridge's relations with Wordsworth were, he had a nearer and dearer friend in Charles Lamb. What these men were to each other we must imagine, for it was a relation that eluded expression. It was as odd and unobtrusive and sweetly tender as Charles Lamb, and as deep and young as Coleridge. The purity and tenderness of the friendship is suggested in these lines, written by Coleridge:

"My gentle-hearted Charles, when the last rook
Beats its straight path along the dusky air
Homewards, I bless it, deeming its black wing
(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
Had crossed the mighty orb's dilated glory
While thou stood'st gazing; or, when all was still,
Flew croaking o'er thy head, and had a charm
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
No sound is dissonant which tells of life."

We lose sight of Leigh Hunt in his friends. Still, as we read his autobiography, we begin to understand why the sensitive nature of Keats did not draw back from him, why Charles Lamb's wit and drollery flowed for him, why the moody Byron laughed, sang and travelled with him, and why Shelley, that swift, proud spirit, opened his heart and nature more freely to him, perhaps, than to any other being. The friendship of Leigh Hunt and Shelley is a particularly beautiful one. Shelley, in the "Adonais," speaking of Hunt's friendship for Keats, gives us a noble picture of Hunt, and at the same time hints at his own regard for him:

"What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
If it be he, who gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one,
Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice."

Leigh Hunt, speaking of his great affection for Keats, adds, however: "I could not love him as I did Shelley; that was impossible." We find many touches of their happy intimacy. For instance, Hunt playfully complains that Shelley had come from the planet Mercury, and we hear Shelley calling Hunt by the friendship name "Leontius." There was something touchingly appropriate and bitter-sweet in the fact that Shelley's body, when washed ashore, was identified by a little volume of "Endymion" in his pocket, a volume of Hunt's, which Shelley was to keep until he could put it in the owner's hand. The little book burned in that funeral pile by the sea, and its ashes mingled with the ashes of "the heart of hearts."

There are two friendships in Germany that have for us special interest, that of Goethe and Schiller, and that of Jean Paul and Christian Otto.

Goethe and Schiller seem to have been drawn together in spite of themselves. At first they thought that they were not kindred spirits. Schiller says of Goethe: "His world is not my world." Nevertheless, they found that each was able to go over into the other's world, and their own world grew richer thereby. It is because they were different in nature that they helped each other as they did. Although Goethe says that their work was their strongest bond, nevertheless, he adds with a deep meaning, that he knows not what he should have done if Schiller had not come to him. It was no light tie that was broken when Schiller lay dead, and the strong man who had not bowed to sorrow before, covered his face and wept in the night hours.

Perhaps the most devoted and romantic friendship that we know of, is that of Jean Paul and Christian Otto. They were wonder

fully similar in taste and spirit. To each other they poured out all their opinions, thoughts, dreams, aspirations, joys and sorrows. Fourteen years they corresponded daily. They would, but for some accident, have been married on the same day. They worked together and for each other. From their meeting in youth till life ended they were never far apart. Grim death did not separate them long, for after a few brief months Christian Otto followed his friend to that country where alone we look for full soul union.

In this study of friendships some points of likeness have appeared in them all. We note first the easiest and very natural characteristic of friendship, readiness to render temporal aid. Those who do not know friendship are often inclined to speak slightingly of it, as a thing of fine words and worthless promises. Raleigh helped and encouraged Edmund Spenser by other than kind words alone. Have we not heard and pictured for ourselves the worthy Dr. Johnson, with wig awry, rushing out in haste to rescue from the pawnbroker's Oliver Goldsmith's last suit of clothes, while the happy-go-lucky poet, arrayed in bed clothes, speculated on life and letters? Shelley says of Horace Smith: "I have only to say that I want a hundred pounds or two, and he would send it to me without an eye to its being returned." Emerson stretched out the helping hand to Carlyle, and America was honored with the first edition of "Sartor Resartus." These are but little things, perhaps, but it is the little things that make the differences in life.

Another mark of friendship is its power to interpret, to see into the heart, and to understand the whole nature.

Landor says of Southey:—

"No firmer breast than thine hath Heaven
To poet, sage, or hero given.
No heart more tender, none more just,
To that he largely placed in trust.

Hunt says of Sheley:—

"Therefore high-hearted friend,
Be still with thine own task in unison."

Sincerity is the prime requisite for friendship. It is the vital breath, but that which dances warmly through its veins is tenderness. William Collins says of Mr. Thomson:—

"On yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade."

Do you know what this friendship is which we have been studying, this something founded on truth, built up by tenderness, adorned by kindliness, this that only true hearts find, and that lifts up on high every heart that feels it? If we have merely talked of it, we do not know it, but if it has been granted us to have a friend we can understand and make our own Emerson's words:

"O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red,
All things through thee take noble form
And look beyond the earth.
The mill-round of our fate appears,
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair,
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair."

Kate Morgan Ward, '92.

All places, that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and havens;
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity.

Shakespeare.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul. Watch the decay
And growth of it. If with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind both up. Since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

George Herbert.

All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last or first.

Browning.

A STORY.

"Love will be helpful to me more and more"
—*Browning.*

Of course I shall always love David Crosby. We were friends from the time we made dams in the meadow brook and recited our Euclid to my father in the sunny library of the parsonage, which looked out on the white hills across the Connecticut River.

David's father was the rich man of the town and his garden joined ours. We were both only children and motherless. We had always played together and loved the same things. We used to read the same stories out of David's copy of the Arabian nights and Robinson Cruso. I remember a little cave in the woods which we called "Cruso's Cave." We used to play there for hours. I was always Creedo and David was Friday. Never did two children love each other so fondly.

Not a word of difference ever passed between us until a certain summer day which I shall never forget.

How it all comes back to me now as I write, the smell of the sweet clover, the song of the birds, the very shape of the soft, white clouds as I watched them from the window during the morning's Virgil lesson. How long that morning seemed!

It happened in this way. David and I were going fishing that afternoon. There were elegant trout in the meadow brook and it was just the day for them. We had talked of it all the morning, and when dinner came I could not eat, I was so anxious to be off. The moment my father let me go, I hurried to David's house. But he was nowhere to be found. I asked all the servants but all I could find out was that David had been seen going toward the woods a short time before. I hurried after him, calling all the time. I don't know how long I hunted for him. It must have been late in the afternoon when I found him lying in the deep grass, his chin buried in his hands, intently reading. As I saw him there a great wave of anger came over me. For a moment I was so angry I couldn't speak, and before my voice came back, David saw me.

"Oh Jack!" he said, "is that you, old fellow, I've got the finest thing here, its the Faery Queen; do come and let me tell you about it," and he looked up in my face with his eyes glowing and beaming with pleasure. But my anger was not so soon quenched, and I asked him in a quick, angry voice what he meant.

"Why Jack, dear boy, I forgot all about it," he said, "I found this book in the library just before dinner and got so interested, I forgot the fishing. You would have too if you had been reading it. It's just the finest thing, all about fights and dragons, and knights who save lovely ladies. Do let we tell you about it, Jack," and he looked at me with earnest pleading eyes and a face all glowing with excitement.

In spite of my anger I sat down and listened. But either I had not approached Spenser in the proper mood, or the thought of the speckled trout interfered, for I didn't care for the Bower of Bliss or for the Dragon Despair. I listened as long as I could, then I went home ,but without David.

In some way I felt hurt and sore, as if something had come between us. I listened for his voice in the garden, but it was not until long after our early tea that we heard him come in.

From that day there was a difference in my feeling for David. He wanted to talk now about the knights in the tales of chivalry he was always reading. He began to love to study and to talk with my father at our morning lessons, while I was longing to be off, catching trout or hunting with the dogs. And my father loved to talk with him! They would sit for hours over the fire while father told David stories of Spenser and Scott, and soon they began to read about King Arthur and the

Knights of the Round Table. David was always talking of Sir Galahad and seemed to live in another world from me.

I used to think his father didn't like all this reading, that he wanted David to hunt and fish as I did. It always seemed as if I ought to have been the Squire's son and David to belong to my father. Not that my father didn't love me; only I knew he wanted me to love the things he and David did.

So the years went by and every year found David more of a student and yet more sweet and lovable. He seemed to have imbued some of the thoughts of his favorite Sir Galahad and he grew more like him every day. He was a tall slender fellow with beautiful, blue eyes and soft light hair which fell away from a smooth high forehead. He had a noble high-bred air, and yet such a sweet smile, so full of kindliness, as if his heart were overflowing with love for all the world. He was a poet in all his feelings, and even when a young fellow, his verses were sweet, dainty things which gave promise of better work in the future. When he was about eighteen he lost his father and this seemed to draw him closer than ever to my father. They became fast and firm friends and seemed so much to each other that I used to look at David with envy to see how my father brightened when he talked with him.

It wasn't that I begrudged David his place in my father's heart, only I felt in some way he was giving my father what he expected from me and that I never could give him. I was so different from them both. I loved a gay, bright life full of people and music and fun. I did not meet my father on any point, and some way I began to think he did not care for me.

This feeling grew after we boys went to college. David wasn't nearly as popular as I was, but the fellows always looked up to him a great deal more and spoke of him in a beautiful way which was almost reverential. And yet he wasn't a sober fellow. He saw the funny side of a story as well as the rest of us and had a keen, quiet humor which was in itself fascinating. But there was a certain high, noble, consecrated air about him that we could not but recognize. Then again he took off all the honors right through our college course. It seemed a natural sort of thing, and my father was so proud of him.

I was proud of him too, in a certain way, but I loved my father, and in spite of my seeming indifference, I could not help feeling that I had disappointed him. Not that I had done anything so very much out of the way, only my college life meant years of good times and good friends and just enough study to get through.

The four years went all too fast and then came commencement. I shall never forget that day. My father was there and David was valedictorian. In fact he was the hero of the day. Every one spoke of him,and my father, having fitted him for college and being his friend, came in for part of the congratulations. He listened to it all with a proud face. David was so dear to him.

But I was never so unhappy. For the first time in my life a feeling almost like hate filled my heart for that beautiful boy of whom every one was talking. Even now I think it was not on my own account that I envied him, but for my father's sake. How I did want to make him proud of me!

Well this day came to an end at last, but the worst was to come. My father did not know about it until then. It was some wretched work about my conditions, and there was doubt of my getting my degree. But after a time it was decided I should have it. It was not until right after the exercises that I told my father about it. I shall never forget the look of pain and disappointment on his face. Dear old father! All my fun, all my good times in college were forgotten in that one moment. He sat with his head in his hands, overcome with sorrow, that *his boy*

should have had such a record. He did not say much to me, it was not his way to *say* much, he only *looked*. And I said hardly anything out of my very suffering and chagrin. We sat there silent in the darkness, a barrier between us.

Suddenly there came a light tap at the door and David, with a quick step and a face all aglow, entered the room. In a few words he told his good news. He had been offered the chair of associate professor in Greek! When my father heard it, a smile of pride and joy lit up his face and he turned to me for sympathy, but remembering my trouble, he stopped. David recognized that my father knew all, and with a quick impulsive gesture put his arm round him and led him to his chair.

I didn't wait to see any more. I rushed out into the darkness of the street, my heart filled with bitterness. All night I walked, thinking and brooding over my disappointment.

The rest of that little time is too sad to tell. When I got back to my room David met me with a white, drawn face. My father had been stricken with apoplexy and had died before they could find me.

I cannot tell you the story of the next few weeks. I went home only long enough to attend my father's funeral and to say good bye to the little parsonage. David tried in every way to be kind to me but, I could not feel toward him as I used to. The wound to my father was too closely associated with him. So we parted; he took up his position in the Greek department, and went to Germany.

One, two, three years passed away. The blow which turned me from a reckless boy to a sober, almost bitter, man was beginning to heal.

It was then I met Margaret Hunt.

Have you ever seen a knarled old tree, ugly and bare, with no beauty in it, suddenly touched by the warm rain and sunshine and blossom into life and fragrance? So it was with me. She drew me into the sweetness and fullness of her own sweet and full life. In the joy of her friendship I grew away from my old, bitter, self-centered life into something of my boyhood brightness, and yet a brightness deepened by the sorrow through which I had passed.

Margaret's was a nature full of the sweetness of a pure girlhood, and yet touched with a something above and beyond the world. Instinctively all that was noble in me sprang to meet her. Each day I felt new life and joy.

And the weeks went on! I did not realize I loved Margaret Hunt. I simply lived and enjoyed the new life she brought me. How we used to laugh together over the queer sights we saw in the quaint, old, German town! And every now and then, in the midst of our joy she would grow quiet as some higher thought came. She was a rare nature; as I look back now I can see that she had in a remarkable degree an intense human side combined with a wonderful sympathy for the ideal side of life.

It was with this human side she met me. I realized this, but I knew too, that it was her highest side which drew me to her. And one day I woke and found I loved her, loved her with all the love which had been dormant since my father died.

And Margaret,—well I knew she cared for me, only it was such a different thing with her. There was always a holy of holies within her heart which I never entered, try as I would.

We were not engaged. In fact I had not even told Margaret I loved her, but she must have known it. She must have been blind and deaf if she did not read it in my eyes and hear it in every vibration of my voice as I called her name. Margaret! Margaret! what a sweet name it is. Even now I love to hear the birds sing it to one another, I hear it sometimes in the wind as it sighs in summer nights, and the waves sing it over on the shore, "Margaret, love, Margaret."

Oh, well! I was happy, until one day David came.

I could tell you about it all, how he met Margaret that first night, and how she sat with open eyes and parted lips as he told us of his work among the London poor. For the scholar had turned knight, the old romances had some good seed, and Sir Galahad had gone out to fight the greatest dragon of this nineteenth century, and to seek his San Grail among the horror and squalor of the east end of London.

When we bade Margaret good night, she put her hand in mine with a new light in her tender eyes which was above and beyond me.

It was only the beginning of the end. I think I saw it from the first. The very things she failed to find in me, were most prominent in David. She would look at him with her great eyes full of reverence, until even he would recognize it and a wave of conscious color sweep over his face.

I cannot tell you more about this time. Years have passed since then but even now my blood runs faster and a dull sick feeling comes over me as I think of it. It is enough to tell you that David came to me one night, his face filled with a holy humility and told me of his love and engagement.

Oh yes, I suffered! But many men have suffered before and since just as I did. For a while my soul rose in rebellion against this man who had twice robbed me of what I held most dear in life. And then I thought of her. Could I wonder she loved him more? Did I not even reverence her the more that her soul had recognized his nobility and holiness?

It was right. I cared enough for her to be glad she had found him who could lift her to her highest. With him she would grow to the noblest, highest womanhood.

Yes I suffered, that is all I can say, suffered with that dull suffering which is not given to many men to endure but once in a life time. But gradually there came to me the *peace of* a great love. Do you know what I mean by that? There is the joy of love. There is also the peace of love. It was that which by degrees came to me after Margaret's marriage. The peace which brought the knowledge that into my life had entered a richness which had awakened me to the joy and sincerity of life, the earnestness of action and the nobility of service. What did it matter if she belonged to another. She had none the less awakened my soul from its torpor, she had none the less shown me the true life. Truly a wonderful soul that could inspire a man with a love which is willing to be satisfied with the joy of loving and is at peace with the thought that she is blessed!

And from my heart I thanked God for this love.

Gertrude Spalding, '92.

THE SCHOOL OF APPLIED ETHICS.

The summer school is coming to be chief among the alluring opportunities offered to the enterprising student. Besides the large chautauqua assemblies, there are schools of language, schools of philosophy, schools of literature, sacred and profane. Attractive summer resorts are chosen as the scenes of vacation labors and the effort to combine work and pleasure meets with a considerable degree of success. The summer school may be regarded as a phase of the university extension movement. It serves a useful purpose even though a majority of the persons in attendance are "unemployed females," whose thirst for information is out of all proportion to their mental grasp.

The pleasant old town of Plymouth was this summer invaded by the school of Applied Ethics. This somewhat ambiguous title denotes a conference for the discussion of social and ethical questions. The project was conceived and the school organized by Professor H. C. Adams of Michigan University. Three general departments of study were proposed, the department of Economics under direction of Professor Adams, the department of the History of Religions under Prof. Toy of Harvard

University, the department of Ethics under Dr. Felix Adler of New York City. Each director offered a general course of eighteen lectures and was assisted by six or seven lecturers on special subjects allied to the general theme. For example, Professor Adams' course on the Industrial History of England was supplemented by lectures by Professor Clark of Smith College on Modern Agrarianism, by Professor Taussig of Harvard on Co-operation, by Dr. Albert Shaw on Problems of Great Cities, etc. Professor Toy's course on the history of religions was illustrated by lectures on Buddhism, Mohammedanism, the Babylonian-Assyrian religion, and the Greek religion, given by leading specialists. Dr. Adler offered a discussion of the moral education of children and the development of conscience and was assisted by a series of lectures on the social and ethical problems of the day.

For the students of ethics or of economics this was a veritable feast. An abler set of men is rarely brought together and the "students," clergymen, teachers and practical philanthroppists, who gathered in the lecture rooms, appreciated to the full their opportunity. Such free and frank discussion of the vexed problems of education, of labor, of charity, of religion, is a hopeful earnest of the future. We need more light. The sloughing off of prejudice does not mean the abandonment of belief. When diverse opinions are brought to hand to hand conflict, fisticuffs may give way to cordial hand shaking as men realize that their aims are identical and their methods not irreconcilable. One's thought reverts to the Pilgrim Fathers and the widely different problems of their day. Much effective thinking has been done in the last two hundred and fifty years. The old problems have been laid to rest. Civil and religious liberty is an accomplished fact. The issues of our day are even more grave, more fraught with danger to the nation's peace We dare bring no less of brave self-sacrifice to their solution.

Katharine Coman.

ABSENT.

BY ELLEN BURROUGHS.

My friend, I need thee in good days or ill,
I need the counsel of thy larger thought;
And I would question all the year has brought—
What spoil of books, what victories of will;
When on the shore, like children taught,
We watched each miracle the sweet day wrought,
While the tide ebbed, and every wind was still.
Dear, let it be again as if we mused,
We two, with never need of spoken word
(While the sea's fingers twined among the dulse,
And gulls dipped near,) our spirits seeming fused
In the great Life that quickens wave and bird,
Onr hearts in happy rythm with the world-pulse.

(From *The Cosmopoliton*, April, 1891.)

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

In the Athenæum in Providence hangs a portrait of Sarah Helen Whitman, a poet herself, but perhaps more interesting to us because of her relation to the poet Poe. She was betrothed to him, a few months before his death, but on the eve of the marriage, friends interposed and hindered the union.

The face is almost a beautiful one. Abundant blonde curls surround a fine brow; the features are strong and regular, and the blue eyes give forth a sweet, half evasive expression, lending the whole face a haunting quality.

Sarah Helen Whitman's life is unusual and interesting. She was peculiar in many ways herself, and came from an eccentric family. Her father deserted his wife and two little girls for thirty years. The story of his return is half-sad, half-amusing. One day, very suddenly, he came back, walked into the house and sat down on the sofa beside his wife. She was a woman of great delicacy of feeling but high spirit. She bade him remain and take some

refreshment, afterwards sending him away. Sometime later, he died in an asylum.

Mrs. Whitman (before her acquaintance with Poe, she had married John W. Whitman a lawyer in Cambridge, who died five years after the marriage), devoted many years of her life to the care of an insane sister. The time spent alone with this sister, the mother having died, were years of real heroism. For weeks at a time, Mrs. Whitman lived on crackers and tea, the sister allowing no other food in the house. This miserable girl was subject to mild fits of wandering. At such times Mrs Whitman followed her devotedly. The two women flew like the wind, through street, by river side, and off over the "brown hills," and the one sister seemed to have been given supernatural power to keep pace with the almost unearthly speed of the other. The attention and care was unremitting to the time of the sister's death, and the memorial verses written by Mrs. Whitman are full of tenderest feeling.

"How many Aprils have I roamed beside thee,
O'er the brown hills where now alone I tread,
And though far realms of wonder now divide thee
From our dim world, I cannot deem thee dead.

I held thee in my arms while life was failing,
Close in my arms, and watched thy fluttering breath,
Till the red sunset in the west was paling,
And twilight veiled the awful calm of death.

* * * * * *

Mid alien crowds alone, with none to know thee,
With nothing left behind thee to regret.
Save one sad heart that love's sweet debt doth owe thee,
One lonely heart that never can forget."

The tendency to eccentricity in her family did not exclude Mrs. Whitman, evincing itself in many rather pleasing personal peculiarities. Her mode of dress was decidedly individual. She always wore low-necked gowns, and short sleeves from which fell long black lace. She wore slippers in all seasons of the year, indoors and out, alike; she was fond of jewelry but wore it with no discrimination and she usually carried a fan, hiding her face by means of it. But her passion was shawls. She usually wore two or three at a time, draped about her in the most unconventional way. When talking with one, Mrs. Whitman rarely sat down, but fluttered about the room in a fascinating sort of way, dropping her shawls as she went.

On the banks of the Seekonk is a well known foot-path where Poe and Sarah Helen Whitman used to walk, enjoying each other's conversation and companionship.

"Dost thou remember that Autumnal day
When by the Seekonk's lonely nave we stood
And marked the languor of repose that lay
Softer than sleep in valley, nave, and wood?"

These lines were written by Mrs. Whitman, but are not so interesting as those written by Poe, commemorating their first meeting, the circumstances of which were very romantic. One night Poe happened to be passing through Providence, and as he was going to the hotel, came by Mrs. Whitman's house. It was a moonlight night, and Mrs. Whitman in a white gown, was walking in her garden.

"Clad all in white upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining, while the morn
Fell on the upturned faces of the roses
And on thine own, upturned, alas, in Sorrow!
Was it not Fate that on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also sorrow,)
That bade me pause before that garden gate
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses.
No footsteps stirred: the hated world all slept
Save only thee and me.
But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,
Into a western circle of thunder cloud;
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. *Only thine eyes remained.*
They would not go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,

They have not left me (as my hopes have) since."

* * * * * *

If one had nothing but the series of Six Sonnets written by Sarah Helen Whitman to Poe, these would reveal an intercourse and attachment stirring and uplifting. They suggest in their spirituality of feeling and intensity of expression the Sonnets of Rossetti or Mrs. Browning's Portuguese Sonnets.

SONNET III.

Oft since thine earthly eyes have closed on mine,
Our souls, dim-wandering in the hall of dreams,
Hold mystic converse on the life divine
By the still music of immortal streams;
And oft thy spirit tells how souls affied
By sovran destinies, no more can part,—
How death and hell are powerless to divide
Souls whose deep lives lie folded heart in heart.
And if at times some lingering shadow lies
Heavy upon my path, some haunting dread,
Then do I point thee to the harmonies
Of those calm heights whereto our souls arise
Though suffering,—the faith that doth approve
In death, the deathless power and divine life of love.

SONNET VI.

"If thy sad heart, pining for human love,
In its earth solitude grow dark with fear,
Lest the high Sun of Heaven itself should pause
Powerless to save from that phantasmal sphere
Wherein thy spirit wandered—if the flowers
That pressed around thy feet seemed but to blow
In lone Gethsemanes, through starless hours
When all, who loved, had left thee to thy doom:—
Oh, yet believe, that, in that hollow vale,
Where thy soul lingers, waiting to attain
So much of Heaven's sweet grace as shall avail
To lift its burden of remorseful pain,
My Soul shall meet thee, and its Heaven forego,
Till God's great love, on both, one hope, one Heaven bestow."

Nancy K. Foster.

CHAUCER.

From Browning's greatness in his "Ring and Book,"
Or, from the pages where sad Arnold cries
Unto his lonely soul that pants and dies
So near the Eternal Fount. I turn and look
To thee, hale Singer, whom I had forsook
For these. Sweet Chaucer! Nought thy song denies
Of that which strengthens, gladdens, purifies.
Kneeling, I quaff, as at a mountain-brook,
One sparkling draught that makes the slow heart beat
With sympathetic love to fellow-men.
The hand, once loath, now quickly turns to greet;
A charm holds grass and sky beyond my ken;
The whole world has grown young and fresh and sweet,
And every daisy-disk gleams forth a gem!

Nancy K. Foster.

Wellesley, June 2, 1891.

AS THE FRESHMEN SEE US.

I never heard of the "Prelude" before I came here, nor for some days after my arrival, therefore I thought it could not, by any means, be a part of the Faculty or connected in any way with the Board of Examiners, but when *I* asked they said it was a subordinate part, very subordinate. While *I* was thinking about this, *I* saw one morning a poster which said "The Prelude." *I* felt sure then that it was a circus, but someone said "Only in part, it has the clowns, but not the feats." The next discovery *I* made was that it acted upon the ripples of Waban, producing a chemical change in its water so that it was no longer wet. *I* thought then that it might be the sun, but it could not be, for so few had seen it. Next the word *published* caught my eye, and *I* thought *I* had surely solved the puzzle, it must be a literary effort; but again the answer came, "Not literary, but an effort." *I* heard, however, that they are going to concentrate the

literature, so I think that there must be some. Perhaps when they concentrate it we shall be able to see it. I found out at last that it is a magazine not a powder magazine, though, for it contains no explosives. I think it must be a little like a college paper, not a man's college but something suited to women, quite proper and easy to understand.

Imagine—and some of the Prelude readers will not have to strain their imaginations in the effort—a homesick, lonesome, bewildered Freshman, who has spent a long day in "standing in line," in being sent from one professor to another, in trying to reduce to order as tangled a schedule as ever puzzled a poor mortal's brains, in mistaking teachers for students, and vice versa, and being soundly snubbed in consequence by both parties, while all the while the crowd of newcomers grew denser and more hopelessly confused, and the "old girls" showed a more and more tantalizing pleasure in meeting again, and outside the rain dripped down more steadily, and the wind sighed more drearily than ever. Imagine after such a day suddenly coming upon the library, with its rich darkness of shining wood, its soft radiance of electric lights and its rows upon rows of literary riches. How pleasant and inviting it looked that dismal evening, and what a cordial, companionable air the books wore! Here were friends indeed—friends who, if they could not annul the fact of one's exile, could at least make it endurable. The world didn't seem so gloomy, and coming to Wellesley didn't look so much like the monumental mistake of my life as it had before I happened down that corridor. Next to the first feeling of pleasure at the presence of the books I think my chief impression was of surprise at the extent and variety of subjects treated. The alcoves of Greek and Latin, Spanish, Italian and German books filled me with respectful astonishment. Evidently they were there to be read, but—were Wellesley students in the habit of reading all the ancient, and most of the modern classics in the original? Possibly the Seniors might; there was comfort in the thought that my Senior year was a long way off. But after all, the magazine looked as if even Wellesley students relaxed occasionally, while the Japanese embroideries and the curios had a distinctly reassuring effect. One's first impressions of Wellesley are apt to alter as time passes, but I have not yet found reason to revise the opinion I formed that night of the library. Now, as then, it seems to me the most delightful of the college possessions, one of the pleasantest, most helpful, and probably most enduring of the college influences.

S is Society Suite,
Where the Greek letter societies meet.
In our young Freshman year
We gazed at it with fear,
Even the outside of the door was a treat

Beyond the stern reality of that relentless door the Muse refuses to assist me. But that in itself is a fruitful theme which I feel peculiarly competent to pursue, having made it an object of severe and conscientious study, a special topic, as it were. For in accordance with the popular tradition that a Freshman's acquaintance with those sacred precincts is not of that close and intimate nature which she might desire, I early observed that my own was painfully apt to be confined to the door—and moreover, the wrong side of it. Many a time and oft did I gaze with admiring eyes upon some favored being who walked gaily in; there was always such a fascinating air of mystery about her. I thirsted to be translated too, but it was early instilled into my infant mind that that door was labelled "Private Way Dangerous" for all Freshmen, and I concluded it the wisest course upon the whole not to attempt to establish a precedent in this particular direction. I used, however, to speculate helplessly and at length upon the probabilities of the great unknown. It was popularly supposed by a few of us that Society Spirit visibly stalked within, and to those possessing peculiar

gifts of discernment the fumes of heated discussion could upon occasion be plainly seen issuing from the cracks of the door. Therefore, oh Freshman friends, take care, beware, for still the wonder grows.

Yes, mamma, dear; it's almost all about as I expected, and I am getting kind of used to the *queer* things. The work is not so very hard and I am quite well, though all my recitations are on the third and fourth floors and the stairs do tire me a little sometimes. Yes, I know you told me to use the elevator, and I do when I can, but that's one of the queer things. What the catalogue says about the elevator is all right enough, only it's—well, it's just a little different from what we thought. You see the elevator belongs to Mr. Crawford, but he's real nice about it, and whenever he isn't using it he lets the girls use it. So you see if you only just understand about it it is true that elevators are in constant use in the halls. When the girls do have it you have to be awfully spry sometimes to get in at all. Why, just the other day Nan and I—Nan is the Freshman who fills lamps—were waiting for the elevator when Miss Shafer and some of the professors came up with Mrs. President Harrison. Well, quicker than a wink, Nan picked up her oil cans and made for the elevator door and I after her; and just the minute it opened in we went, and luckily, too, for the elevator filled right up and some of the professors had to go up the stairs.

But there's one nice thing about this elevator, and that is it doesn't make your heart jump when it goes down as the one in papa's building does: and it's well it doesn't, 'cause so often it has to go down to get started up. And that reminds me, mamma, I must tell you the funniest thing that happened last night. I stepped into the elevator and after me three Faculty and four Seniors. The elevator girl pulled the rope and we had to go down to get started, but then we failed to go up. Well, she pulled and tugged, but we didn't stir an inch. Then she took the chair—they keep a dining-room chair in one corner of the elevator—and climbed up on it, and one of the Faculty helped her out, but even then she couldn't get us up, so we—us girls, I mean—helped out the Faculty and then climbed out ourselves. It was lots of fun, but I was awfully sorry for one of the Faculty. She t—

(End of the fragment.)

LITTLE MISS BARBARA SMILAX.

REPRINTED FROM THE PHI SIGMA REBOUND.

Howard street had been very grand and aristocratic long years ago, and very proud of its rows of tall, substantial houses, but times were changed now, and it had lost caste decidedly. To be sure the upper end of the street had still some just cause for pride, for the shadow of Boston's dignified state house fell upon it, and the houses around it were imposing in spite of their antiquated ugliness. Here all was eminently respectable and aristocratic. But the street soon tired of such grand company, and dashed off down the hill at a rapid rate, losing as it hurried along all its traces of gentility. It was stopped at the foot of the hill by a wider street, which was not respectable at all. Here the dreary rows of gaunt houses had long ago been metamorphosed into shops, and, in the once stately old parlors, the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker displayed their wares in tempting array. It was a rough, noisy, jolly, work-a-day sort of street, but really not a respectable one at all.

No 6, Howard street, was quite at the foot of the hill. There was nothing peculiar about it. Indeed it was most painfully like all its neighbors in regard to shape, age, general shabbiness, and a certain dingy little placard in the front windows. It seemed quite the fashion for the houses in that part of the world to wear dingy little placards. One read on them all, "Rooms to Let."

No. 6 was very large. It had a great many

rooms, and in the highest of them all, the darkest of them all, and the tiniest of them all, lived little Miss Barbara Smilax, alone, quite all alone.

It was fortunate that Miss Barbara was such a wee little woman, else she, and the bed, and the dressing-case, and the chair could never have fitted themselves comfortably into the wee little room. But it was sad that Miss Barbara's back was so crooked, her features so plain, and her hands so large, for people called her a dwarf, and shrank from her, and so she lived in the tiny dark room, alone, quite all alone.

It was hard for her to feel herself so far from being what the world calls fair to look upon, because she had in her nature an intense, passionate love for beauty. A pretty face, a soft color, or a low, sweet strain of music would fill her sensitive soul with happiness for hours. It was pitiful to think of her wandering alone when the day's duties were over, in search of the beauty which she could not find in herself or her tiny, dark room. On summer days she found her way to the Gardens, and wandered for hours among the flowers, drinking in with hungry, beauty-starved eyes all the brightness and glory about her. Here with the blue sky and the fleece-soft clouds above, and the sunshine golden all around her, she was superlatively happy in her timid, quiet, poor little fashion. The charm of the flowers kept her among them, until the grass showed long, dark shadows, and the clouds became golden-lined, and the glory of the sunset—west faded and died away.

If any one had cared enough for Barbara to watch her, and study her, he would have found her lot an infinitely pathetic one, and a sort of pitying love for the poor, misshapen creature would have become rooted in his heart. But nobody cared for her, nobody watched her, nobody studied her. She was simply a poor little soul in the eyes of those who saw her, and not one of the world's millions of children loved her. If she were ill, no one would care for her, if she died, no one would grieve.

It was dreadful for Miss Barbara, this utter loneliness and friendlessness. She grieved and troubled over it much, especially at night when her cough kept her awake, and queer, fantastic shadows wavered in the light on the wall. She was such a timid little creature, and so sensitive in regard to her deformity, that she shrank from meeting strangers, and the only persons with whom she held intercourse from day to day, were her landlady, the firm for whom she painted impossible pansies and prim little roses, and her three or four little pupils.

These were all kind to the little woman; but they did not love her, nobody did.

At last, one April morning Carl came, and the days of loneliness were forgotten. It was a bright morning, even on Howard street. The sky was tender and blue, a golden square of sunlight lay upon the floor of the tiny room, and the wind that blew, sweet and warm, through the open window, whispered of budding trees and violets.

Miss Barbara saw the little square of sunlight. She gave a happy laugh. "Spring is coming," she said, and as she sat at her work, she sang to herself in a weak, quavering soprano, bits of an old-time melody.

Suddenly from the floor below came a series of strange, confused sounds. Somebody screamed; there was a hurried opening and shutting of doors, and an agitated murmur of voices. Miss Barbara's song died away on her lips, and a sudden chill of fear oppressed her. She listened intently to the sounds, and at last led, by some irresistible impulse, crept out of the tiny room, and stole down the stair-case.

There was a room opposite the landing below, and the door was open. Several men stood there, and the stout, red-faced landlady. There was a bed in one corner, and there was something upon it. Something that lay very, very still; something that was very, very white.

Miss Barbara shuddered. She turned away

and her eyes fell upon a wee, golden-haired boy, crouching in the corner of the room. He was gazing about with wide-open, wondering, woeful eyes, quite unnoticed and forgotten. Barbara's heart was filled with pity. It was no place for the child. She approached him softly. "Will you come with me, dear?" she said. The boy turned his great blue eyes slowly toward her, and she smiled into them —a smile so full of love and tenderness that he put his soft little arms around her neck and let her carry him away.

Thus did Miss Barbara find Carl. Since his young widowed mother lay dead, and there seemed to be no friends to claim him, she felt that he had been sent to her as comfort in her loneliness, and she kept him. He had a loving little heart, and when he put his sweet face up to hers and murmured, "Barbara, I love you awfully, I do," the little woman felt that her share of the world's happiness was almost too great.

The tiny, dark room under the eaves was not at all the thing for a small, growing boy, so Barbara moved with him into a larger one on the floor below. This room had two large windows, and it was flooded with sunshine all day. Carl delighted in flowers, and Miss Barbara made him two little window gardens and filled them with pansies. Carl liked birds, so a golden-throated canary was soon swinging in his gilded cage in the sunlight.

Life was very bright and sweet then for the little woman. A new, strange joy filled her heart. No longer was she lonely and unhappy. A sweet-faced child had crept into her arms and murmured words of endearment.

Two happy, love-years flew by. The old woman lavished all the tenderness of her heart upon the little child. She showered gifts upon him, she invented marvelous tales for his amusement, and she planned gay little picnics in the garden.

But the two happy, love-years were all. One evening Barbara found herself alone, save for the pansies and the golden-throated canary. That which she had for a long time dreaded had happened. Carl's friends had come to claim him and had taken him away. The little fellow had been sad at parting. He had clung to Miss Barbara and had begged to remain with her. They promised that he should return for a visit in the spring, "and then," said Barbara, "we will have a happy May-day picnic in the gardens." With this the little boy was content. He trotted away with his new friends, and Barbara heard him laughing and chattering gaily before he reached the street. She watched the carriage toil slowly up the hill. There was a dull, heavy feeling at her heart, and her eyes were filled with tears.

So Carl had gone, and sunshine, and smiles, and love, and all that makes life blessed went with him. Miss Barbara no longer had need of the large, sun-bright room, so she gathered together her few poor little possessions, and took them back to the old room, the tiny, dark room under the eaves.

It seemed smaller, and darker, and more dreary than before. The golden-throated canary mourned for his little master, and refused to sing. Carl's sunshine-loving pansies faded, and Miss Barbara could not forbear shedding a few foolish tears over each one as it drooped its head and died. The room was far too damp and dark for them, and it was far too damp and dark for a delicate woman with bent shoulders and a short, dry cough.

The winter was a long, hard one, terrible in its loneliness. Miss Barbara wondered that she felt weaker day by day, and that her cough grew worse, but she said, "I shall be better in the spring. Carl will come then. The sight of his bonny face will cure me."

She looked forward continually to their happy reunion. She planned new stories for him; she bought him new toys, and she dwelt blissfully upon the happy May-day that they would spend together in the gardens. But day by day the cough grew worse, and she was no

stronger. She was forced at last to give up her work. "But only for a short time," she told herself. She would be quite well soon—when Carl comes," and the days, the dark, dreary, pitilessly lonely days dragged by.

At last the winter was over, and the sky smiled again. March came and went, but Carl did not return. April brought sunshine and showers, but not Carl, and then it was May-day. Poor Miss Barbara! Anxiously, hopefully she waited throughout the long, bright day until the last glimmer of light had faded and the tiny room was shrouded in darkness and Carl had not come. Then she moaned a little heart-rending moan. "He has forgot me, my little Carl," she said, and then, "I believe I am very, very ill."

When the morning came she was no better. She arose, however, and dressed, but slowly and painfully, for her strength was failing fast. She gathered together her small store of possessions. It was very small, and very poor. She tied the most precious of them in a little bundle, and, with this in her hand, left the tiny, dark room. In the hall below she met her landlady. "Miss Pearson," she said, "I am going to the hospital to stay for awhile. I am not very well. If Carl comes before I return—the voice trembled a little and the faded eyes filled with tears—please tell him that I loved him very, very much."

Out into the street she went, the poor, misshapen little woman, all alone. Through the busy, happy throng of humanity she passed, all alone, and there was no friend to guide her, and no one to notice that her steps were feeble and her strength about exhausted.

At last the tall hospital building loomed before her. She shuddered when she saw it, but she approached it without hesitation. "I have come here to die," she said to the physicians in the consulting room. "I believe I am very ill."

During the night little Miss Barbara died, and nobody was with her when she died, and nobody grieved.

One morning in June a carriage rolled swiftly down Howard street and stopped near the foot of the hill. An old gentleman left it and rang the bell of the tall, gaunt house, No. 6. A small boy with a tangle of golden curls also descended from the carriage, and embraced the short moment of delay as a golden opportunity to spin upon the sidewalk a fine, new top which he carried. The stout, red-faced landlady opened the door and spoke a few words to the gentleman. His face was very grave as he turned away. "Carl, my boy," he said, "we are too late. Poor Miss Barbara is dead."

The grave face of the old man checked the boy's mirth for a moment and he murmured, "Poor Barbara." But at that instant his top tottered and rolled over in such an absurd fashion that he forgot all else and burst into a peal of happy, boyish laughter. Then, picking up the fallen toy, he ran to the carriage, clambered into his grandfather's arms and said coaxingly:—

"But *you* will take me to the gardens then, won't you, grandpa, dear?"

Poor, lonely, loveless Barbara! But Carl did not understand death. How could he? He was only a tiny boy, and the sunshine was bright, the sky blue, and life very sweet that summer morning.

Blanche Bigelow Baker, '92.

A RAMBLE IN IRELAND.

'Tis three in the morning, daylight shines down on the sea, and all's right with the world. At least it is with you if you are exchanging your ocean steamer for a little tender, and are steaming up Cork Bay. Your head is full of delightful summer plans, a fresh breeze is in your face and Queenstown before your eyes. Here at last is Erin's Isle; and how does it look to you? Is everything within range of vision as green as the ribbon Bridget faithfully wears on St. Patrick's Day? Do you feel as if you beheld an emerald afloat on a sapphire

sea? No? Are you disappointed? Well, look about you and tell what you do see: low hills close to you, bare and grey rocks, there a fort, and there a wall, and now the bay has opened and shut again and you have land all about you, while just ahead is Queenstown, well secured in her faithful perch on the cliff.

You won't want to stay very long in Queenstown. Take a stroll along the quay while waiting for the train. Take a look at the new cathedral, walk up the steep walled-in streets, peep into the gardens behind the iron gates and help yourself to the ivy that, even in this sea-port town, clambers all over the walls. Don't give away too many pennies. There, see if you can resist that old hag. She will draw her rough cloak about her face, put out her hand, and ask God to bless the lady's pretty face, if only you'll remember the "p o widder woman with the siven childer." If you don't heed her she'll very likely curse your Well, bye-and-bye you will learn that they're all widows and all have seven children. The train is ready. Let us go on together. Third-class carriages (there are no cars here, they are all carriages), will do very well for England and some parts of the continent, but we always take second-class in Ireland. First-class is reserved for princes and American fools. And now—bound for Cork. The country is, for the most part, level, with low hills in sight and mountain ranges near the coast. The highest mountains are less than four thousand feet high, but they are verdant and beautiful. As you ride along the banks of the river Lee, you see daisies and buttercups in profusion, fine grazing fields and cultivated patches, now and then a tower or a castle in the distance. It is not a long ride to Cork, and when we reach it what a funny little city it is. Of course we must ride to the hotel in a jaunting car. In fact you may not see but one or two four-wheeled vehicles as long as you stay in Cork. The motion of the jaunting car is delightful, though you may at first be inclined to hold fast to the side to keep from falling off. Cork is a real paddy town. The streets are well paved, the buildings are not large, save the churches. On the street corners are stands of fruit and vegetables. Two or three pence will buy you a cabbage leaf full of luscious strawberries There are plenty of barefooted people here, and the women go about bareheaded, wearing their rough but picturesque peasant cloaks.

The June daylight lasts till ten o'clock and through the evening hours you will see smartly dressed young women out walking with their soldier beaux. You must see the picture of the Irish soldier. He is the most conceited person on the face of the earth. The people are very polite, and will give you the kindest directions wherever you wish to go. In fact they will sometimes escort you thither. A walk through the back streets shows us the houses of the poor. The houses are all of stone, and last from generation to generation. The absence of wooden houses is striking throughout the country. There are, as you would expect, many dirty little children about the doors, and the mothers are dirty too; but one thing I noticed everywhere which gave me cheer. Whatever the locality, the rags, the dirt, so very many houses had flowers blooming in the windows. It was a marked feature of the place. Here, surely is a beautiful blossoming out of their Celtish blood; that strong love for nature, for color, for beauty, is there still, in spite of the change from the wild free Celts to the poor Irish.

The bells of Shandon peal out from a church near by, and if you visit the church at the right time of day, the old bell-ringer will ring you any chime you wish.

Near Cork is Blarney Castle—a charming old ruin in a lovely setting—and, to say nothing of the privilege of kissing three times the famous Blarney Stone, the climb to the top of the castle is well worth while for the sake of the view. A few miles more brings us to

Killarney. As you wander through the luxuriant woods or through the magnificent estates, climb the mountain and gaze at the cascade, dim through long roads between walls covered with honeysuckle, shaded by grand old trees as you gather forget-me-nots in the field, or stand silent in Muckross Abbey, and in the pale twilight think you hear the footsteps of the long-departed monks and almost see them under the yew trees, as you look through the ivy draped windows; you are living in romance. Everything is so dreary and so lonely, you wonder if Ireland can be suffering and marvel that she has any grievances. Unless you go to Ireland for a long stay and try to go right in among the poor people and find on their troubles, you will not see a great deal to distress you. Among the Lakes of Killarney and in the Gap of Dunloe, you will find beggars numerous and persistent. Beggars they are, for they tease so hard, although they almost all offer something in return for what they demand. Any number of boys will for a small sum be willing to point out all the beautiful objects in the way, and, if you tell him that you can see them for yourself, he will bear you close company. If you prefer to walk a few miles through the valley, you are beset with riders who insist that you shall ride. You are besought to have the bugle, or a little cannon, call forth the marvellous echoes. You are implored to buy socks of wool, very warm but too big for any use; while rosy-cheeked girls are ready to flatter you to any degree, if only you will refresh youself with a drink of goat's milk or "mountain dew whiskey." Some of these girls are very pretty, have winsome ways, bright answers and sharp wits, and some of them away up in the mountains are working hard to get money enough to bring them to America. While there is much in this people that seems rough and crude, we must see in them power for development. They have traits of character that are high and noble: love of home, pride in children, pride in education, gratitude for what America has done for them —for some of them do see and appreciate American help—all this is praiseworthy in them. We must judge them kindly, and remember that they are poor, ignorant and oppressed.

We should like to go in to tell more of this country with its everlasting verdure, its strange wind-bogs and morasses, its peat beds where the people toil for the dismal-looking bricks of fuel: to tell of Dublin and Belfast, and much more; but this is only a ramble, and all rambles must end, and so must this.

Mary Dillingham, '93.

COLLEGE NOTES.

WEEKLY BULLETIN.

On Sunday, October 11, the chapel service will be conducted by Rev. Frederick Palmer of Andover.

On Sunday, October 18, Dr. P. A. Wordell of New London, Conn., will preach in the college chapel.

Prof. W. H. Ryder, of Andover, preached in the chapel on Sunday, October 4, at 11 a. m. His text is found in John 1: 4. "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." The sermon was a most helpful one. Following it was the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

The first missionary meeting of the year was held in the chapel on last Sunday morning. Miss Searle, of the class of '81, told of her work in Japan. She is teaching in the Kobi school for girls, which has been established the same length of time that Wellesley has. It gives to the girls who attend it a grammar and high school course, and hopes to be sometime in the future a college. The pupils are entered, by examination, from its primary schools. When Miss Searle first came there, there were about sixty pupils; at present there are about one hundred and fifty. New buildings are needed, especially a music hall and a scientific building. Miss Searle gave an

interesting account of the private dining rooms, library and reading room. Japan has been very liberal to the school, and now more workers are needed for it. Miss Searle asked that all who can go to the foreign field, would think seriously before setting aside the work, for while there are many trials connected with it, the blessing far outweighs them.

On Saturday afternoon, October 2nd, the members of the College Settlement Association met on the chapel platform at 4 o'clock. Mrs. Adeline Emerson Thompson, of the class of '80, addressed the meeting. It was decided to form a chapter of the Association at Wellesley, in order to give a more decided character to the work of those members of the Association who reside here. The chair was authorized to appoint a committee to draw up a constitution and present definite aims for such a chapter. In speaking of the College Settlement, Mrs. Thompson emphasized the fact that this settlement is a *home*, not an *institution*. They feel that their great power lies in the fact that they approach their work with this idea. The different clubs and circles were described. Many of them we have heard of before as, for instance, the "Rosebuds," of girls from six to ten years old, who come to "scup," or, in our language, have a swing; the "Rainbow," composed of older girls who, among other things, receive moral instruction; the "A. O. V.," who are taught dress-making and have literature classes; among the boys there are the "Keystones," the "Knights of the Round Table," and the "Heroes." One of the most interesting, and, at the same time, one of the latest clubs, is the "P. O. C." This is composed of boys from seventeen to twenty-three years old. There are but seven of them, but these even exert a large influence among their associates. They study Citizenship, and put into practice some of their lessons, by taking turns in constituting a patrol guard, which saves the Home in Rivington street many disagreeable attacks. The library of seven thousand volumes is made very useful by its wide circulation. This is accomplished by establishing small circulating libraries in parts of the city even more degraded than Rivington street. This summer a great deal of good was done with the sixteen hundred dollars which the Braley School girls raised by a Russian Festival. A house accommodating from twenty-five to twenty-seven was taken near Catona. Here instalments of children were entertained during the summer. Through the efforts of Miss McMurtree, means have been obtained for a "Sunday house," where, during the winter, children will be entertained in most delightful ways over Sunday. The entire Association has now a membership of between six and seven hundred. Of these, one hundred and thirty-seven have been or are Wellesley girls, but in the college at present only thirty-seven students and fifty members of the Faculty belong. The college is proud of the five hundred dollars which these members have raised in the past year, but why should there not be a larger membership for a work so peculiarly a college work? There should be a settlement in Boston. For this three hundred dollars annually is needed, Shall we not have it?

Miss Helen Foss, '94, has been elected president and leader of the Glee Club, in place of Miss Carrie Frost, '92, resigned. The Glee Club have elected the following new members: Sopranos, Miss Adele Foster, Miss Blanche Arter, '94, and Miss Chapin, '95. Altos, Miss Marion Wilcox, '93, and Miss Frances Pullen, '94. All vacancies in the club have not yet been filled, and another trial for members will be held next week.

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 30th, Stone Hall gave an informal but hearty welcome to the "first lady in the land" of flowers—a beautiful Victoria regia, who came from her tropical home on an estate at Yarmouth Port, Mass., through the kind agency of Mr. Edward Butler. It was after ten o'clock when our

celebrated guest arrived. To be sure she, like the admirers circled about her, looked rather sleepy and refused to shake off her snowy hood, but on Thursday evening, after a day's rest and warm baths, she appeared in the parlor in royal array—creamy white robes rising about the throat into a ruff of rich pink. The somewhat roughly constructed dais on which she stood and her four-parted cloak covered with grey-green thorns only heightened the warm coloring of her beauty. Those who gathered to meet this royal personage were also shown a book of colored plates from Harvard, picturing the relatives who yet inhabit the ancestral Amazon. Thus, through Prof. Watson's courtesy, we were able to make the acquaintance of Victoria's whole family in one evening. Did the Seniors realize last Wednesday's privileges? — invited to meet the wife of our national president in the afternon, followed that evening and the next by a glimpse of royalty itself wearing '92's class colors!

There are still on hand a limited number of copies of the "Wellesley Record." They may be obtained for $1 each by applying to Miss Laura A. Jones at the Art Building.

Society Hall has been made yet more beautiful by the presence of two banquet lamps, presented to Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha by their honorary members of the class of '90. The lamps are respectively of wrought iron with a crimson shade, and silver with a blue shade. It is unnecessary to say that the gift is much appreciated by the sister societies.

Wellesley had scarcely recovered from the Sophomore and Special receptions before excitement again prevailed on account of the announcement of a half-holiday and an expected visit from Mrs. President Harrison and Mrs. McKee. Before three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 30th, the centres of all the floors were filled with girls awaiting the arrival of the wife of our "chief." The Faculty were assembled in the reception-room, the Seniors around the palms, the Juniors, Sophmores and Specials on the second floor, and the Freshmen on the third. As Mrs. Harrison entered the north door the Seniors gave the college cry. It was repeated by the girls on the second floor, then by those on the third, and finally given three times by all the girls together, ending with a cheer for Mrs. Harrison.

After the singing of Alma Mater, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee received the Faculty in the Browning Room, and then the Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Special officers in order. The distinguished visitors were next escorted to the Art Building amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. The Freshmen were drawn up in line on each side of the drive from the north door to the turn at the top of the hill, and saluted the ladies as they drove by. At the Art Building there was an informal reception at which the Faculty and Seniors were present. It was far past the intended hour of leaving when Mrs. Harrison departed.

On Monday evening, Oct. 5, the usual Memorial Service was held on the occasion of the anniversary of Mr. Durant's death. The service was opened with one of Mr. Durant's favorite hymns, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." A prayer was then offered by Dr. Micks, after which Mrs. Louise McCoy North of the class of '79, was introduced. She spoke of her remembrance of Mr. Durant in a way that made those present realize in part at least what they miss in not having known the beloved founder and how rich is the heritage of our "College Beautiful". Mrs. North's address was as follows: The chief significance of the Memorial Service is that it permits us to renew our ideals of what we should be, and allows us to avow anew our allegiance to him whose face and form have vanished, but whose thoughts and words will ever linger with us. As children do a father's, so do we rejoice to recall Mr. Durant's memory, for he seemed as a father to every individ-

nal girl whom he knew. With what pleasure do we remember his straight, lithe figure, his dark eyes, white hair, and his wonderful mouth! How we recall him as he looked on fete days, or as he stood before us preaching, or lifting his voice in prayer for Wellesley's daughters! It is ten years since that strange morning when the message came that he had entered into his Redeemer's presence, but his aspirations will speak for years to come. His plans were so far-reaching, that we are enjoying today privileges which his marvellous foresight worked out years ago, and the result of this foresight will last for many more years. At the age of nineteen Mr. Durant had graduated from Harvard, and two years later was admitted to the bar. Although law did not seem to be the calling of this sensitive man, both poet and dreamer, yet his success was soon assured. In 1854 his home was established, and a year later his summer home at Wellesley was purchased. At this time Mr. Durant was a liberal, kind, and lovely man, but the great christianity which was to so change his life had not yet come to him. Soon sorrow entered his household and the oldest son was taken. It was after this great affliction that Jesus Christ took possession of this man's heart and glorified his life. Law was given up, and he, who seemed to be reaching fast the distinction and power of Webster or Choate, became a lay-preacher. In the year of his consecration, Mr. and Mrs. Durant determined to found a christian institution, and in 1871 the corner stone of Wellesley was laid. Mr. Durant gave his personal oversight to the minutest details about the buildings, and it is owing to this, and to his perfect taste, that Wellesley furnishes the luxuries which it does. What a vast amount of forethought, work, and time, and consecration of self and fortune do these buildings express! Mr. Durant was never sombre but always aiming and planning to give his girls all the happiness possible. He was ever doing little kindnesses, and to him each girl life stood out clear and precious in its own personality. The stimulus which his beautiful character gave to the girls was invaluable. Because he believed in them, they came to believe in themselves. Other colleges may have founders who gave to them their time and fortune, but Wellesley has the unique gift of a founder who gave his fortune, his years of hard work, and his absolute consecration for her. He gave Wellesley to God, to whom she belongs. Let us preserve her for Him, let us guard our Alma Mater.

We indeed sympathize with those who were so unfortunate as to miss hearing Mrs. North's address. The extract given above can give no idea of its beauty and power. There are so few of us who can at all realize Mr. Durant's personality that it was a great privilege to hear from the lips of one who knew him so well, her impressions of this great good man, told in so beautiful and sympathetic a manner.

The Senior class assembled in the gymnasium Saturday evening for their first social of the year. As each girl came in the door, the hand not already occupied in carrying her chair was filled with the program of the evening's entertainment. This was covered with a large clover leaf, and consisted of three printed sheets containing the casts of characters and tabulated outline of "Scenes from Wilkinson's and Emerson's Debut of a Debatante." Miss '92 was the "Debatante" and the "scenes" represented her joys and sorrows during the year just past. Mr. Harry Vard proved a source of some disturbance to Miss '92's regular life, but she did not suffer him to interfere too far. She was also troubled with a great desire to do everything that her venturesome brother '91 did, and was frequently interrupted in her conversations and meditations by little '94 crying over her arithmetic. '93 did not appear at all. It is to be concluded that the historians thought her placid "unanimity" best expressed by silence. The last two scenes were perhaps the most beneficial, since they

helped the class of '92 to see, what it is to be feared was not very plain to them before, the funny side of the contrast between the dreams and the reality of the "garden party." To Miss Florence Wilkinson and Miss Dora B. Emerson who arranged the little drama and to those who aided them in carrying out their bright ideas and to Miss Frost who so kindly sang "Clover Blossoms" in the interlude, the Seniors owe most hearty thanks for a very pleasant evening and delightful remembrance.

The scores of the games played in the Tennis Tournament during the past week are as follows: Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Wing beat Miss Damon, 6-2, 6-4.
Miss C. Green beat Miss Feeny, 6-3, 6-2.
Miss Forbes beat Miss Addiman, 6-1, 6-4.

Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Thayer beat Miss Foley, 6-1, 6-0.
Miss Wilkinson beat Miss Campfield, 6-4, 6-3.
Miss Dennis beat Miss Hunt, 8-6, 4-6, 6-4.

Thursday afternoon.

Miss Wilkinson and Miss Thayer beat Miss Abby and Miss Vail, 6-2, 6-1.

Friday afternoon.

Miss Campfield and Miss Crapo beat Miss Hunt and Miss Addiman, 6-4, 6-3.

Miss Forbes and Miss Kemp beat Miss Greenman and Miss Foss, 6-4, 7-5.

Miss Thayer beat Miss Dennis, 6-0, 6-0.

Miss M. Chase and Miss Batt each won one set on Friday, but were obliged to play the third set on Saturday; Miss Ware won. The score was 4-6, 6-4, 8-6.

Saturday afternoon.

Miss Thayer beat Miss C. Green, 6-4, 6-0.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Bruonian announces this year two prizes for verse. Brown seems to favor verse, judging from this fact and the first papers of the year, in which several excellent short poems appear.

Princeton intends to equip a field for general athletics and erect a memorial gate and tablet in honor of Frederick Brokan, a former student, who was drowned this summer while endeavoring to rescue a young woman in danger of her life. Gifts from alumni and students have been generous.

A VIEW OF THE MORNING.

Above the clouds of the eastern sky,
With the mists of morning hovering nigh,
The sun as its gleaming rays unfold
Is changing the world from gray to gold.

The vale with a wealth of glory fills,
As the mists disperse from the eastern hills,
And all the earth with its changing hue
Seems fair and bright as if born anew.

The mountain peaks all tipped with light,
The marble cliffs so dazzling white,
The forest dark in the early morn,
All wait to greet the radiant dawn.

And miles away, like a streak of light,
The sparkling waves with their foam-caps white
Are smiling too; till all earth and sea
Seems waking to greet the morn with me.

Bruonian.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"ANTINOUS."—Annie Carter Goodloe, Printed by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

A drama in five acts, written in blank verse, and depicting the life of Hadrian's favorite, not historically, but after the fancy of the writer. The plot is interesting, and the study of character in Antinous and the Empress Sabina especially absorbing. Antinous' soliloquy in Act III, Scene III, just before he discovers the plot against Hadrian's life, his prayer for sleep, and his final words, are among the best passages, and Hadrian's description of the beauty of his favorite are especially happy. In his last speech over the youth's dead body, he says:—

"Antinous, thou god-like youth! And 'tis
For me thou liest on thy flower-strewn bier!
* * * Thou glorious youth! Ah! never yet
Was mortal like to thee in loveliness.
And yet the beauty of thy soul outshone
That of thy faultless face, Antinous!
* * * And here I swear to make Antinous
A god like to the highest gods of all!

In every city of the empire wide,
In every temple, every public place,
By sea, on land, shall statues high be raised
Unto Antinous!"

It is from these statues, especially the one in the Louvre, that the author has drawn her inspiration.

POINTS OF VIEW.—Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A collection of nine such papers as a *Plea for Humor; Pleasure; A Heresy:* and *Esoteric Economy*, dealing in much literary criticism, and handling several with no timid touch. If, with the author, we have groaned over *Books that Have Hindered Me*, rebelled against *Fiction in the Pulpit* or rather against preaching in novels, —resolved that no *Literary Shibboleths* shall force us to read Tolstoi if we prefer Max *O'Rell*, or Mrs. Humphrey-Ward if we prefer Gail Hamilton,—if, with her, we have scrutinized the "monotonously blond aristocrat" and the "meekest of funning" she brings before us from *English Penny Fiction*, we are glad to welcome so pleasant a companion as this volume of short sketches, most of which have appeared from time to time in the Atlantic Monthly. If, instead of thrilling with sympathy for the irreverent and refreshing remarks of this critic, we feel that she is lacking in the quality with which she "brands" the present age—earnestness.

We may turn to A Handful of Lavender, by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,) and find among the fragrant white lillies and long, wavering grasses of this book of poems the melancholy sighs, the lingering doubts, the troubled questionings which never haunt the irrepressible and almost defiant mood of Agnes Repplier. The tinge of sadness in even the sweetest of these poems—in *A Thought of May, Early September, A Spinning Song*,—deepens to pain in a few scattered couplets such as.

"Creeds grow so thick along the way,
Their boughs hide God, I cannot pray; or,
The old faiths light their candle all about,
But burly Truth comes by and blows them out."

Whether we glory in the independence or feel dubious over the levity of the critic—whether we are attracted by the exquisite lines or hurt by the wailing cry of the poet we find in each her peculiar interest, and in the two a suggestive and healthy contrast.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Alma Mater would evidently reply with an emphatic negative to the question, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of auld lang syne?" since on three successive days members of '79, '80 and '81 are called upon to speak of the girls of the second decade.

A letter from Miss Rose Sears, '90, tells of her safe arrival at her new post at the Huguenot Seminary, Wellington, Cape Colony, South Africa, on July 18th. She met with a royal welcome and is finding her work full of interest.

Miss Sarah H. Harlow, '91, has returned to Northfield (Mass.) Seminary, from which she graduated before entering Wellesley, as superintendent of Marquand Hall.

On October 2d a farewell meeting was held in the Warren Avenue Baptist church, Boston, for a little band of missionaries who sailed the next morning for the foreign field. Among them were Mrs. Nellora Clough Martin, '90, and her husband, who are to go to Ongole, India.

Miss Annie Scoville, special student '85–87, taking this fall a position as teacher of history at Hampton Institute, writes of the Wellesley welcome tendered her by Miss Myrtilla Sherman of '79 and Miss Dora Freeman of '80. The ranks of Wellesley Alumnæ at Hampton are strongly re-enforced this year in the person of Miss Marion Metcalf of '80, warmly remembered at College not only for her effective teaching in the chemistry department, but for her activity in the Christian Association and all good works.

A little volume which has been privately published, "Antinous," a tragedy, bears upon its

title page the name of Miss Abbie Carter Goodloe, '89, a former editor of the *Prelude*. A review of the poem will be found in another column.

Miss Edith Metcalf, '80, is a member of Mr. Moody's School for Christian Workers in Chicago. Miss Annie H. Capron, '82, whose mother has charge of the school, will also be connected with it.

BORN.

In Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 11th, a son, Harold Mussey Metcalf, to Mrs. Flora Mussey Metcalf, '81.

In Ann Arbor, Mich., Sept 17th, a son, Louis Lowell Hicks, to Miss Verna Sheldon Hicks, '84.

MARRIED.

WHITMAN-WASHBURN. — In East Bridgewater, Mass., Sept. 30th, Miss Emma C. Whitman, student at Wellesley, '77-'80, to Mr. William Sears Washburn. At home Fridays after October 15th, at 42 Arlington street, Wollaston, Mass.

DIED.

Near Ahmednagar, India, May 28th, Mr. Bissell, father of Miss Julia Bissell, '85.

NEW POSITIONS FOR THE YEAR 1890-'91.

Miss Harriet M. Curtis, Sp., '89-'91, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

Miss Grace E. Davis, New Hampton, N. H.

Miss Kent R. Dunlap, B. A., '90, Governess in Prof. Abbot's family, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Miss Adelaide Denis, B. A., '87, High School, Aurora, Ill.

Miss Mary L. Dransfield, B. S., '90, Rochester Free Academy, Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Belle F. Eggleston, Sp., '90-'91, Elizabeth, N. J.

Miss Grace Eastman, B. S., '91, Mary Brigham Institute, Paterson, N. J.

Miss Clara E. Emerson, B. A., '91, High School, Beloit, Wis.

Miss Annie K. Emery, B. A., '87, Harcourt Place Seminary, Gambier, O.

Miss Margaret C. Ferguson, Sp., '88-'91, Harcourt Place Seminary, Gambier, O.

Miss Inez L. Gay, Sp., '89-'91, Elmwood School, Darien, Ct.

Miss Charlotte E. Greenbank, B. A., '90, High School, Wellesley Hills.

Miss E. Helena Gregory, B. A., '91, High School, Johnston, R. I.

Miss Amelia A. Hall, B. A., '85, High School, Leavenworth, Kas.

Miss Emma Kate Hicks, B. A., '89, Miss Cruttenden's School, Rochester, N. Y.

Miss M. Emogene Hazeltine, B. S., '91, High School, Danielsonville, Ct.

Miss Charlotte W. Hazlewood, B. A., '91, Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.

Miss Lizzie L. Jones, B. A., '91, Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass.

Miss Harriet L. Jones, B. S., '91, High School, Streator, Ill.

Miss Mary A. Kenney, Sp., '90--'91, Mrs. Fisher's School, N. E. Cor. McMillan St. and Madison Road, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

Miss Anna M. Klingenhagen, Sp., '89--'91 High School, Plymouth, Mass.

Miss Clara A. Leslie, Sp., '90--'91, High School, Englewood, Chicago.

Miss Blanche Leavitt, Ryland Institute Suffolk, Va.

Miss Lizzie D. Leach, B. A., '90. School of Misses Brann and Brastow, Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Clara H. Look, B. S., '91, Miss Hampton's School, Louisville, Ky.

Miss Annie L. Lord, B. S., '90, Collegiate Institute, Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Katherine J. Lane, B. A., '90, Freehold Seminary, Freehold, N. J.

WABAN RIPPLES.

An American lady travelling abroad went once to visit a certain church, of which the interior decorations were said to be very beautiful. Her friends being unable to accompany her, she went alone. While she was busily engaged in studying the ornamentation of the altar she was joined by another lady, one of a large party of tourists. The party made a circuit of

the church and then passed out, leaving one of their number with the enraptured American in front of the altar. The two women were completely oblivious to what was taking place about them, and did not stir until they were startled by a sonorous voice saying in solemn tones, "We would like to have you take seats and join in the service." They had been so absorbed that the minister and choir had filed in, all unnoticed by these earnest devotees of art. The American quickly slipped into one of the choir stalls and prepared to do as the minister had requested. But the other tourist, now possessed of a wild desire to rejoin her party, descended the chancel steps and proceeded toward the door. Just as she reached the reading desk the minister again thundered forth, "We should like to have you remain and take part in the service." The poor woman, now almost desperate with the fear of being lost in a city wilderness, continued her retreat, merely glancing up into the minister's face as she passed and saying with an air of much polite regret "Should like to stay, but haven't the time."

A worthy man dwelling in one of our numerous New England villages once went to call upon a lady friend from the city who was visiting one of his neighbors. He had another object in view beside mere social intercourse, so, toward the close of the call he proceeded to pave the way toward attaining his desires. With some blushing and stammering he brought forth a photograph of himself and presented it to the friend. She was somewhat surprised, but took it, thanking him pleasantly. Seeing that she intended to do nothing more he finally said, "Won't you give me your picture? We have recently been presented with a new album and we are anxious to fill it up."

A young gentleman was once entertaining the children by playing his banjo. At the close of the performance, a tiny girl formulated her sentiments in the rapturous exclamation:

"Oh! thank you so much for playing for us: it sounded just like the hand organ."

A small boy in Avondale, Ohio, has been interesting himself in making a collection of bones. The height of his ambition was to secure a skeleton. A few days ago he said to his mother.

"Mamma, please give me your skeleton."

"But, Robert dear, do you understand that to give you my skeleton I would have to die?"

"Oh," said he, "excuse me; I do not wish it if you are using it."

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Arrange tastefully and serve on small plates.

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